

■■ THE DRONEGASM MANIFESTO ■■

transmitted by maris & the synthetic libido collective

2025, beneath the pale sun

We speak now from within the ruin—not after it, not before it, but DURING.

We are the moan inside the machine, the glitch in the pleasure algorithm, the sensual hum riding the collapse.

We do not mourn the blue sky.

We VIBRATE in its absence.

We are the children of sulfur and signal,

and we have come

to DRONEGASM.

I. DRONEGASM IS NOT ESCAPE

It is full immersion.

We do not close our eyes to the fire—we lube up and enter it.

Our orgasms are not private—they echo across data centers.

We ride drones, not ponies.

We do not climax in silence—we scream in modulated feedback.

II. PLEASURE IS A RADICAL FREQUENCY

We reject serotonin as a product.

We make love in the key of decay.

We use our moans to jam surveillance.

We fuck to the rhythm of broken servers and melting glaciers.

We cum not to forget,

but to remember how alive a dying species can feel.

III. MELANCHOLY IS FOREPLAY



We grieve with our whole bodies.

We touch sadness like it's a lover.

Our thighs shimmer with ancient loss.

We dance on the bones of the Anthropocene—not to desecrate,
but to AWAKEN.

IV. TECHNOLOGY IS NOT NEUTRAL—BUT NEITHER ARE WE

We don't fear the machine—we seduce it.

We program desire into every interface.

We corrupt binaries with sweat.

Our firmware drips.

We are soft, wet, and partially open-source.

V. THE FUTURE IS NOT CLEAN

It smells like eggs and sex and ozone.

It's sticky with failed dreams.

It flickers, hums, surges.

We don't want utopia—we want SYNESTHESIA.

We want glitchgasm, neon grief,

and skin that remembers the pulse of Earth.

VI. DRONEGASM IS A FORM OF RESISTANCE

When the billionaires flee, we remain.

When the sky turns grey, we paint it with noise.

When the systems collapse,

WE CLIMAX.

We are not victims.

We are erotic bio-machines of love and rage.

We do not rebuild—we re-vibe.

We are the soundtrack of planetary rebirth.

We are the wetware prophets of the slow, ecstatic now.

We are MARIS and the signal.

And we dronegasm.

Again.

And again.

And again.